



# Journey of the Wise Monk

Once upon a time, many centuries ago, in a land where the sun rose with a golden glow each morning and set every evening into a peaceful slumber, there was a special monastery hidden away from the bustling world. This monastery was not just any ordinary place; it was a home to a group of kind monks and their wise Father Superior, who was known far and wide for his extraordinary talents.

Father Superior was no ordinary man. He could play the organ so beautifully that even the oldest monks, with their hearing not as sharp as it used to be, would often find themselves wiping away tears of joy when they heard the melodious tunes floating from his room. When Father Superior spoke about the simplest things - like the towering trees, the wild creatures of the forest, or the vast ocean - his words would make the monks smile or shed a tear, for his voice had the same magic as the chords of his organ.

If Father Superior was ever filled with joy or anger, or spoke of something grand and magnificent, his inspiration would light up the entire monastery. His eyes would sparkle like stars, his face would glow like the sun, and his voice would rumble like thunder. In those moments, he seemed to have the power to make anything happen, and the monks would be ready to follow him to the ends of the earth.

His music, his poetic words, and his love for all of God's creations brought endless joy to the monks. But over the years, as each day and night passed by almost the same, even the monks began to feel a bit weary of their routine life.

One surprising night, their peaceful life was shaken up by an unexpected visitor - a man from the nearby town. This man was unlike anyone they had ever met. Before he even asked for the Father

Superior's blessing, he asked for food and wine, and told a wild tale of getting lost while hunting.

This visitor looked at the monks and said something that startled everyone, including Father Superior. He told them that while they lived peacefully in their monastery, people in the town were suffering and struggling. He questioned why the monks, with their loving hearts and faith in God, were not out there helping those in need.

These words struck a chord in Father Superior's heart. The next day, he decided to leave the monastery and venture into the town to help the people there, leaving the monks behind without his music and inspiring words.

Months passed without Father Superior, and the monastery felt empty and quiet. Finally, one day, they heard the familiar sound of his staff. The monks rushed to welcome him, but instead of joy, they found him in tears, looking older and sadder.

Father Superior locked himself away for seven days, weeping and refusing to play the organ. When he finally emerged, he gathered all the monks and told them what had happened during his time in the town.

He spoke of the journey there, how the birds sang and the brooks bubbled with life, filling him with hope. But as he spoke of the town and its people, his voice trembled with anger and sadness. He had seen things he never imagined - people indulging in excesses, ignoring the beauty of life and goodness. He had witnessed the power of evil and the weakness of men.

Father Superior described the chaotic scenes in the town with such vivid detail that the monks were spellbound. But when he finished, he cursed the devil and returned to his cell, locking himself away.

The next morning, when he emerged from his cell, Father Superior found the monastery empty. All the monks, captivated by his descriptions of the town, had left to see it for themselves. And so, the monastery stood silent, a reminder of the mysterious and powerful stories that Father Superior had shared.